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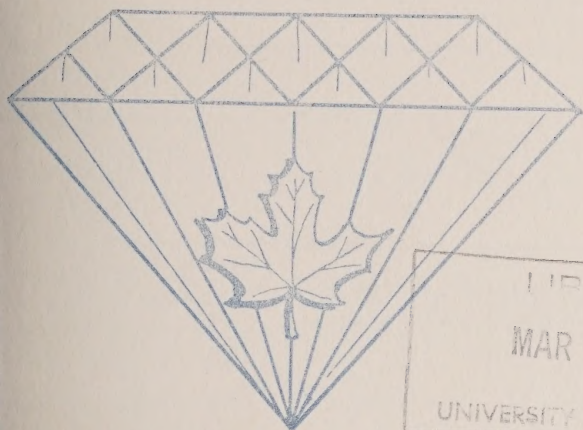
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1960,

Feb/March

(C.B.)



February - March

1960

P.O. Box 190

Kingston, Ontario.

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THE DIAMOND



Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of COLLIN'S BAY PENITENTIARY with the permission of MAJOR-GENERAL RALPH B. GIBSON CBE, VD, QC, LLD, Commissioner of Penitentiaries and with the sanction of COLONEL VICTOR S.J. RICHMOND, Penitentiary Warden.

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The Collin's Bay DIAMOND

is published to bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public and to provide a medium for creative expression. It is the aim of the DIAMOND to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics.

Permission for republication of articles appearing in the C.B. Diamond granted, with the proviso that the Diamond be credited.

TO OUR READERS:

Upon looking over the contents of this issue, we have discovered that we owe the reader several dozen apologies for things promised and not done. We have been told that it is bad form to start off a column with an apology, but how else can you admit mistakes?

This issue is again a double one, February—March, and we can see no way of avoiding this from time to time. The best we can do is to add a few extra pages to the regular issue and hope that no one sues us for breach of contract.

In one of our more optimistic moods we also promised to have a picture layout in the SHOW TIME column for the live stage show that took place in our auditorium on December 13, 1959. Unfortunately, only one picture turned out well enough to be photo engraved, so, much to the columnist's chagrin, that is the extent of the photo-coverage on the show.

One bright spot in this month's magazine is the article on Capital Punishment by Lex Schrag, Globe & Mail columnist. We are very pleased with Mr. Schrag's contribution, but one point puzzles us. Mr. Schrag "has been given to understand, from conversations with former guests, that it (Collin's Bay) is a rather luxurious hostel by comparison with sundry other federal establishments." The only explanation we can think of is that "absence makes the mind go dull".

In order to avoid breaking our promises in the future, we are instituting a new policy in this column. We are not going to make any more promises, under any circumstances. And that's a promise!

Letters of commendation (or condemnation), literary awards, and comments, should be addressed to:

The Editor,
C.B. DIAMOND
Box 190, Kingston, Ontario.

Collin's Bay **DIAMOND**

❧ *February - March 1960* ❧

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Census

Total Population ...	455	Discharged	19
High Number	5508	By Expiry	10
Low Number	3646	By Parole	9
Transfers	2	At Large	0
Received	21	Deaths	0

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An interview with *Mr. George Street*

(NATIONAL PAROLE BOARD CHAIRMAN)

Mr. George Street, chairman of the National Parole Board, was in Kingston in connection with the official opening of the new federal penitentiary at Joyceville on December 15th and, true to his promises, he visited this institution while in the area. Mr. Street talked with the editor in the DIAMOND office at some length and many aspects of parole were covered.

This being mid-December, one of the first things I asked Mr. Street was if the Board would be granting any special paroles for Christmas. Mr. Street stated that the Board did not regard this as one of its functions as the Board is not in business to grant clemency. (These releases *could* come through the Commissioner's office on recommendation of the Criminal Law section of the Justice Department.) The Board is not able to grant inmates time served prior to their sentencing and they are definitely not going to parole men indiscriminately. While the Board may be in sympathy with a man who has had a close relative fall seriously ill, paroles will not be granted on this ground alone.

It is reasonable, then, to ask: "What is the parole board looking for?" The

first and most obvious part of the answer is that they want to parole men whom they feel will live honest, law-abiding lives after their release. Not just while on parole, but forever after. A definite change of character is also looked for in the prospective parolee and it is very desirable that the inmate make an attempt to better himself in some way while in the institution. This betterment can be in many fields; educational, vocational, mentally or through Alcoholics Anonymous. Mr. Street touched upon the question of inmates who did not want to take Vocational Training courses because they felt that it would harm their chances of making a parole until after the course was over. It must be admitted that it is desirable in many cases that an inmate finish his Vocational Training before being released from the institution, but it is also common sense that by taking a Vocational Training course the inmate is actually increasing his prospects for parole. Many men have been paroled while still on course, one quite recently, so the reasoning that leads to not taking the course is specious. There is no definite rule on this.

On the question of the chances for parole of men with long records, Mr. Street said that a record did not necessarily bar a man from parole but that it was only common sense that the Board would have to be more careful with these men. Men with records of some length have been paroled and there will be more paroled in the future but the Board is still young and still formulating policy.

One of the most common complaints about the Board around this institution was on the length of time it took for the Board to decide whether or not to parole a man or to turn him down. In some cases it has taken from five to seven months and by this time the inmate, who is expecting to go every day after the first three months, gets a little shook up. Mr. Street said that there could be many reasons for this, one of the primary ones being lack of staff, but the Board is trying to speed things up as much as possible. Mr. Street agreed with me that seven months was a very long wait and certainly unusual. If, however, a man did not get an answer soon it meant that his case was being given favorable consideration, Mr. Street added.

Mr. Street was aware that there were some inmates who were very critical of the Board's work up to the present, but he did not appear to resent this in any way. The fact that the members of the Board are talking to as many inmates as possible means that they are interested in hearing our views. Actually, it is rather difficult to criticize the Board's policy at the present time because the policy is not yet definitely stated and in the cases where parole has been granted the Board has been very successful. Mr. Street stated that 1706 paroles had been granted

in Canada up till the end of November 1959, and that there had been 105 violations in the same period. This is approximately 6% failures and this is surely an astounding success when compared with the national average of over 70% recidivists. That is, only six in one hundred who are paroled return to prison while 70 in one hundred who are turned loose without some supervision come back. Certainly the ones who are paroled are the best prospects for rehabilitation, but the proportion is so overwhelmingly in favor of the parolee that it proves the worth of a parole system.

Concerning the conditions under which an inmate on parole must live Mr. Street made it clear that these conditions are not imposed as a punishment, but are there because it is felt that if the inmate lives up to them he will have a much better chance of remaining out of prison. The fact that many of the conditions vary with the individual case points up the truth of this statement in that the needs of the individual parolee are being considered instead of just setting rules up dogmatically.

Mr. Street also stated that the Board was arranging to have the various reports from police, courts, probation officers, etc., forwarded to them automatically after a man has been sentenced and this will cut down on some of the delay when a man applies for parole. The previous procedure was for a man to apply and then the Board would start asking for these reports and making the various other inquiries necessary. I surmise that this automatic reporting will cover only those men sentenced in the future and not those

CONTINUED On Page

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

A New View Point

by Lex Schrag

(Specially written for the
C. B. Diamond)

Lex Schrag is a pulpy slob who is employed by, and sometimes works for, The Globe & Mail, Canada's National (adv't) Newspaper. Amongst other unimportant chores, he writes a weekly column entitled "Mortgage Manor", which allegedly portrays the trials and tribulations of life in one of Toronto's larger suburbs. Ashamed of the events and sentiments he reports, he has adopted an alias: he calls himself the churl of the manor. Being short of good material for this issue, the DIAMOND'S editor asked him to outline his views on capital punishment. So...

The churl of Mortgage Manor, that half-acre of rage in the easterly cholor of Scarboro, is unalterably and inexorably opposed to the abolition of capital punishment.

It is not that he believes the death penalty is useful as a deterrent in preventing crimes of extreme violence, nor

does it, in his estimation, make much improvement in the person to whom it is applied. In more than 40 years of journalism, he has yet to meet a man who led a better and more righteous life after being hung. The churl's only interest in the preservation of capital punishment is as a form of insurance.

Not, it should be understood, as insurance against some irate character putting the blast on him. He is inclined to agree with the unfortunate who said, "With friends like mine, who needs enemies?"

The thing is, if the churl ever pops his cork and lets some comparatively innocent bystander have it with malice aforethought and so on, he would prefer a quick drop in a hempen necktie to a life term in a penitentiary. Even in Collin's Bay.

He has been given to understand from conversations with former guests, that it is a rather luxurious hostel by comparison with sundry other federal establishments. The management, he hears, is devoted to keeping the clients comfortable — or, at least, keeping

them — and hates to see them leave, especially if they have neglected the formality of a discharge. Nevertheless, the churl wouldn't like the place.

Not that he would have any objection to the company in which he would find himself. One of his best friends, in his early churlhood, was a graduate of an Ontario reformatory. He was a witty, agreeable chap with rather better manners than the churl could boast. He had so little desire to return to it that he went to work and became a taxpayer.

The churl, indeed, could be quite happy in lodgings and in company such as those at Collin's Bay if he could have reasonably palatable meals and occasional games of bridge and chess. And always provided that he could get up and walk out when he felt like it.

That, in the churl's estimation, is the really important thing. In a fit of misguided patriotism, he enlisted in the Canadian Army during the Second World War.

Only a few days of regimentation, and he was convinced the Army was not for him. He was quite forcibly instructed, however, that he couldn't resign. In desperation, he obtained a

commission — and found that his lot, if anything, was worse. Not only had he to go through the routines he didn't like, he had to push a herd of other men through them, too.

The churl, then, is all for maintaining the death penalty as the only means of escape from what he would consider an intolerable punishment: the loss of the residual freedom left to the citizen. This, he admits, is a selfish attitude one which he would not inflict on a captive (!) audience.

Yet he would conclude his dissertation with a word of caution for those of his readers who are compulsorily recipients of the country's hospitality: leave comments on capital punishment to those who, like the churl, are still at large. There are characters who can draw nasty inferences from protest against the death penalty which come from inmates of penitentiaries.

Along this line: If those birds want capital punishment abolished, it's only because they'll be back in the stick-up business as soon as they get out, and they want to make sure they don't get strung up if they get trigger-happy. There are the churl admits, some nasty minds outside the sheltering walls of Collin's Bay — including his.

PAROLE Continued

who already have a substantial part of their sentence in, so those of us who have been here for awhile can still expect this delay.

It looks as if the Board is really getting organized now and I think it is reasonable to expect to see their policy settled sometime during 1960. I think that the Board is anxious to parole as many men as possible, within reasonable standards, of course, and may-

be this year will be a little brighter for some of you.

Parole is for society's benefit as well as for the prisoner's, but we can see the benefit to us immediately whereas society must take a long range view to see their benefits. So it is up to the individual parolee to show them it will work. If you are fortunate enough to be paroled, you do your part and may be society will reciprocate.

As We See It

In this column we pass on to you our opinion of some of the events that took place on the other side of the cement curtain. We sincerely hope that you disagree with us; for your own sake. So, for what it's worth, this is the way we see it.

AUTOMATION and the LABOUR UNIONS: The major battles between management and labour that are now shaping up seem to centre mostly around the introduction of automation into the plants. The workers seem to feel that they are all going to be put out of the plant as soon as the machines come in and management claims that the only way they can compete with foreign manufacturers is to improve the efficiency of their production methods. The steel strike in the United States was settled only by government intervention and there is some doubt as to the wisdom of the settlement. In the future there will be a need for even more mediators in these strikes and it is very necessary that the mediators be impartial: Neither on the side of labour or management, and if possible not a government representative. WE are the only ones who seem to fill the bill. We are certainly not on the side of management; we are not working for anyone in business; and if you could listen to the conversations around here for one day you would be certain that we are not agents of the government.

FALSE or MISLEADING ADVERTISING: Not being in the position that you are, that is, we are unable to purchase the products, we are not nearly so concerned with the moral aspect of the tactics of the Madison Avenue types. However, we do feel that there is merit in at least one of their tricks. It seems that when doing T.V. commercials for the coffee producers it has been found that hot coffee photographs like motor sludge. By substituting *hot wine* they managed to get a much nicer looking product, but they still told the public-at-large that it was coffee. Why do we see merit in this deceit? Well, our morning coffee doesn't look very much like coffee either and we have even heard that it tastes somewhat similar to the substance it resembles when photographed. If our steward could be persuaded to dole out a cup of hot wine every morning we are sure that the complaints would cease and desist. We can just see all the smiling faces in the line *after* breakfast. It would make for a much happier institution in the mornings at least!

WE CHOOSE

KEITH SANDY

AS

ONTARIO'S MAN OF THE YEAR

(This honour (?) goes to the man we feel has done the most to alleviate human suffering in Ontario during 1959.)

Mr. Keith Sandy, top disc jockey for radio station CKEY Toronto, has given hope to thousands of sufferers all over the province by resigning his \$25,000.00 a year job because he *had* to play the current popular tunes hour after hour, day after day. This sheds new light on what has been previously regarded as an incurable disease.

"I had reached the breaking point," said the 34-year-old announcer. (We quote from the Toronto Daily Star) "The top forty tunes are like a fungus that plagues the broadcasting business. I have been playing these records over and over again on CKEY for the past two years and although I had been brainwashed into thinking that's what the public wants, I can't really believe it."

Ha! Mr. Sandy doesn't think the public is as stupid as it has been made out to be. Undoubtedly the recent payola scandal in the United States has played a part in overcoming his brainwashing, but when even your own wife and teen-age son won't listen to your radio programme, something must

be wrong. Keith's wife, Joan, only tuned in the programme to make sure he was at work, then changed stations. (A hazard in the life of a disc jockey I had not considered.) Mr. Sandy used to have a very listenable programme called MAKE BELIEVE BALLROOM emanating from this same station, and over the years he had built up a large following of listeners, both teen-agers and adults. As he now intends to work as a free-lance disc jockey, I suppose he will again be able to play some of the pleasant music that really is popular and his listeners will remain faithful. Imagine getting music that soothes. Seems unbelievable, doesn't it?

Even at 25 G's a year Mr. Sandy could not stand Rock 'n Roll. But we are still told the public demands it. Who is the public? According to a press release from the radio station Mr. Sandy was too old for the job anyway, and he will be replaced by a younger man. His replacement is 24. Maturity is fatal in this business apparently.

We hope that Keith Sandy ha

started a "back to music" movement in broadcasting. If enough disc jockeys can be persuaded to emulate Keith's stand it is possible that we may yet be saved from this plague. It would be a blow to the public-at-large if Mr. Sandy should suffer any financial hardship on account of his resignation. I think the daily press should keep the public informed as to his welfare and if things are not going well for him, there should be at least one hundred thousand *intelligent* people in the Metropolitan Toronto area who will be willing to send him 25¢ a year, thus making up his salary. If we let Keith down, others will hesitate to follow his example. A starving man is not exactly envied.

The public should do anything legal to encourage the radio stations to cease and desist playing "Rock" all around the clock. BILLBOARD, DOWNBEAT and many other trade magazines have picked Frank Sinatra as the top male vocalist (most *popular*) in the country. This is based on his ability and the sales of his records. Still, many radio stations tell us that the Chipmunks is the type of music we really like! I will go along with those who want to keep the Board of Broadcast Governors out of the censorship business, but something must be done. Why do we get so little of Sinatra and ind.?

If something is done, let's remember the first move was made by Keith andy. Let us also hope that he is

not destined to be a martyr for the cause, to be recognized only after starving to death.

EDITOR: In order that we may do our part in this campaign to wipe out the "fungus that plagues the broadcasting business", the DIAMOND is proposing that a Society for the Preservation of Sanity be organized. The plan is to have all radio listeners kick in to the Society with a couple of dollars a year. With this money we will subsidize at least one radio station in each broadcast area in the province of Ontario and thus the subsidized station will not feel compelled to play *popular* music all day and all night. If one listener in four can be persuaded to send in this small fee it would mean an annual revenue of close to a million and a half dollars, but it would be the best bargain you ever got for a two dollar bill since the depression.

This is our idea but we are not going to be selfish about it and not let someone else in on it. We are quite willing to let someone volunteer to be director of the Society, someone else can handle the fund raising campaign and we are even going to allow a publicity agent. All these positions will be volunteer and *unpaid*. We will handle the accounting and also be comptroller of the budget.

One should not jump to the obvious conclusion here. It is not that we have sticky fingers. We only want to handle the money because we need the accounting experience.



Vocational Training

EXAMINATION COMPARISON

In order that the students taking Vocational Training may have some idea of how this year's class stands in regard to those of the past, Mr. Taylor, Chief Vocational Officer, was asked to provide the DIAMOND with some of the statistics for each course over the past few years.

When evaluating the averages it should be remembered that it would not be fair to compare the average mark of the students on one course with the average mark of a different course. The comparison of this year's class with the classes taking the same courses in previous years is the only valid comparison. Some courses are much more difficult than others, both in the trade theory and the related training classes.

There are no results for the December examinations in three of the courses Bricklaying, Carpentry and Plumbing & Heating as these courses did not start this year until mid-December. The reason for the delay in commencing training on these courses is that the men were needed to complete the building programme around the institution before winter forced a halt.

The trade theory averages for the Electrician's course, probably the hardest of the Vocational courses, are as follows: (Instructor: Mr. Robinson)

1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954
58%	No Course	53.1%	59.2%	59.2%	No Course

These are the averages for the December examinations only and the same is true in all cases following.

The Vocational Machine Shop, under the instruction of Mr. Bignon, is also one of the more demanding courses, especially in regard to mathematics. The December averages for trade theory examinations for this course are:

1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954
74%	77%	77.6%	78.4%	62.5%	80.7%

This year's students obviously are carrying on with the high averages set by their predecessors in this course.

The Motor Vehicle Repair course, Mr. Derek instructor, is one of the most popular courses and the higher averages for the Motor Mechanics course can be attributed to the enthusiasm of the students rather than to an easier course.

1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954
81.7%	73.6%	83.9%	81.2%	83%	82.8%

This course is also one of the most successful in the institution in regard to men obtaining their Mechanic's Licences and carrying on with the trade.

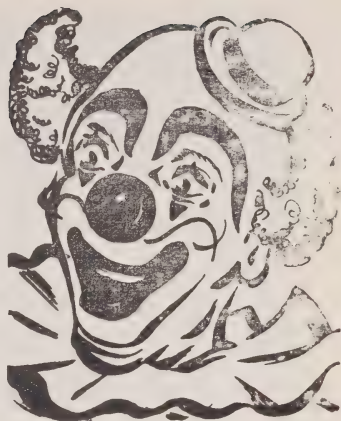
The Sheet Metal course, under the instruction of Mr. Irvine, is one of the more difficult courses and requires considerable effort and patience on the part

CONTINUED On Page 1

The Jovial Jester



WACKY WIT



Teenage boy to date at high school dance: "What has lots of legs, green eyes and a yellow back with green stripes?"

"Goodness, I don't know," replied the girl demurely. "What?"

"I don't know either, but it's on the back of your neck."

Psychiatrist to patient: "Now, Mr. Brown, let's see if we can find your problem. Tell me a little about yourself."

"Well, I have a \$60,000.00 home in the most fashionable part of the city. I own two expensive automobiles and a seventy-five foot yacht. My wife and I take at least one trip each year to Europe, that is if we're not cruising in the South Seas. I also have a 2,000 acre farm and a summer home worth \$25,000.00."

"Well, then I guess money can't be the cause of your trouble."

That's what you think, Doc! I only earn \$48.00 a week."

NEWS ITEM: Two Metropolitan Policemen came upon an abandoned car in the Don Valley with bloodstains on the front seat. Further investigation revealed the trunk contained a mask, gloves, rope, a revolver which had been fired and a case of Scotch Whiskey.

Preliminary investigation by the constables revealed that the car was registered to a non-existent address. It is understood that the constables will continue with the investigation but Chief Mackie has taken a personal interest in the case.

Mr. Smith was paying a visit to his next door neighbour when the latter's dog came out on the porch and politely asked for the evening paper. It was promptly given to him and the dog left.

"Why that's the damndest thing I've ever seen!" Smith exclaimed in amazement. "A dog that reads!"

"Don't let him fool you," chuckled the dog's owner. "He only looks at the comics."

A HIT

C. B. REVUE

The inmates of this institution pulled off an astounding coup de grace on Sunday, January 24th, when they presented the first variety show in seven years. It was a hit! For several months now the talented inmates have been working on a revue which could be presented for the officers and their wives and the 24th was proof positive of their efforts.

Before the show got underway, Warden V.S.J. Richmond took the stage and welcomed the guests on behalf of the institution and at the same time the Warden gave a brief historical account of previous C.B. inmate shows. Mr. Richmond also pointed out that the officer's canteen would be open at intermission, but he stressed the fact that it was a *dry* canteen. This remark set the pace of the entire show as was evident from the continuous chuckles of the appreciative audience.

Louis Licastro, M.C. for the evening, introduced the first act and the show was under way.

Nelson Renaud probably had the most difficult chore for night in-so-far as this lad had the opening number. With fine voice and increasing confidence he treated us with his rendition of "Pretend" which, by the way, had a two-fold result. It put the audience at ease and established Nelson as a singer of some merit.



**Nelson Renaud, featured vocalist
giving out with "Pretend".**

He followed this with "Jealous Heart" and it was interesting to note the increased confidence of the delivery. Roger Paquin backed this number with an excellent trumpet, and it should be noted that Roger and his trumpet were in evidence throughout the entire show.

A word of praise for the quartet seems to be in order here. As rehearsals went on, an increasing amount of speculation was heard by this writer in regard to the ability of the inmates to provide a suitable band or group for the background music for this revue.

This group: Roger Paquin—trumpet, Don Campbell—drums, Gord Quinney—bass, and Peter Neveu—electric guitar; all came through with creditable performances. They accompanied all the acts, including the skits, and at all times were audibly present but never loud or obtrusive. So, a tip of the hat to Roger P. and the Keynotes. Here's hoping that we'll hear from this group again.

The first skit of the evening was the funniest ever. Pete Neveu, Jim McGregor, Cecil B. Costello had 'em rolling in the aisle here. Though little jokes were aimed at several members of the audience, everyone took it in the spirit intended. Jim had us take a double here when he appeared in the now famous role of "Lolla", and Pete as "Clem" was a scream. One thing though! Is it true what you said about Joe Woodhouse? Let's hear on this point . . . we only have a couple of years to go and this kind of information always comes in handy. After



A scene from the controversial "Golf" skit.

all, a high-class bootlegger is a rarity these days.

We never intended this column (if you'll pardon the expression) to develop into a Dix effort, but my conscience forces me to spill the beans. Clem kissed Lolla. Yes sir, right in public, too. Clem and Lolla wound this bit up with a rousing version of Silvery Moon—Lolla handling the vocal end with Clem on the "G" box. Unfortunately, little can be said for the musical bit here, but Lolla, what a gam. WOW!

Bob Johnson handled some fine comedy situations as well. The strain of a strange audience was evident in his first appearance but later on in the show it vanished. On two or three occasions I thought his ad-libs would bring the roof down on us. Very seldom has our old auditorium heard a laugh-fest likt that. A fine job, Bob, but where were the teeth on the second outing? Poor Mr. L., he's still laughing.

The Keynotes came in here and favoured us with a swinging arrange-



Jack Meschitto, a Country & Western boy, singing "It Don't Hurt Anymore" and "Yellow Roses".

ment of "Shiek of Araby", Nelson Renaud vocalizing to the pleasure of all.

Louis Licastro, our M.C., handed in an excellent performance in that capacity. His jokes and ad-libs were the talk of the town and paired with Pete Neuve on several occasions they were second to none. Due to several technical failures, most of which went unnoticed, Lou was forced to fill in until they were rectified and it was here that his true colours as a showman were aired. On top of this, Lou has a tenor voice which is second to none in captivity and can easily hold its own anywhere. His first vocal offering, "Because", held the audience spell-bound. Though Lou is a comb and scissors man here, music could very well be his cuppa-tea on the street. This was followed by "I Believe" which was equally well received—a real stellar attraction.

Mr. L., like any good performer, is dictated to by his audience, so a third number was in order. "Little Bit of Heaven" was a thrill to hear and everyone voiced this sentiment via applause. Lou should be commended for his fine selection of songs. All three were particularly well suited to his wonderful tenor voice.

The guys with the bulging biceps were also in attendance this p.m. These physical culturists were tops in their tumbling role. Several stunts, including the Dive-over-Man, Hand-Spring Off Man and Long Dive not only took skill, but a fair portion of guts was not uncalled for. These Tumblers, Dick Gibson, Keith Wilson, Ed Hucker, Jim Post, Jim McGregor, L. Walker, Byron Arnot, Bill Bluetie and Rudy DesJardins, were all exceptional in this form of entertainment. Special mention

should be made of Keith Wilson. This chappie had everyone on the edge of their seats with his birdman antics. Also, Wilson and McGregor reached a dramatic climax when they flew over six men in a "Free Flip". The no accident ratio for this act was proof of the skill of the performers in accomplishing these difficult feats.



**"Maggie" and "Pete" in the
"Silent Movies" skit.**

Another vocalist whom everyone enjoyed was our little Irishman (Not M Lundy), Bill Patton. This laddy-buc impressed his audience with several top tunes aimed at everyone. "All The Way" and "Stranger in Paradise" were the two top offerings here and combined with a friendly stage manne made Bill a winner.

Bill Clark on the harmonica was a pleasing change of pace for the evening. Mr. C. took us on a wee trip to Bonnie Scotland with a Highland jib. His next solo, "Give Me Five Minutes More," was in keeping with the audience's reaction to this trooper.

Bill was brought back later in the show and this time he gave forth with a medley of oldies. "Lily Marlene", a ditty loved by all, brought back memories for the vets and "Grandfather's Clock" did the same for the younger half.

A skit, entitled "An Evening on Jarvis Street", went over the heads of some non-Torontonians, but the facial expressions of the characters brought the house down regardless. Miss Anderson, Miss Gilies and Mrs. Kisch were the cuties in this act, cuties whose occupation was, shall we say, questionable? Fred Smith, no relation to THE Fred Smith, also held up his end on his act.

The surprise of the evening was pulled off by that *little* kitchen hand, Rudy Desjardins. After a very impressive performance with the bar bells, where he had the whole audience grunting and groaning along with him and where he drew some appreciative squeals from the feminine members of the audience, Rudy stepped forward for his bow. That was when the treacherous Fred Smith strolled on stage and right off again with the steely looking weights in one finger. Rudy was impressive, but the secret was wood, son, wood.

The vocal department went into action again in the form of "Dino" Canary. His version of "The Whole World in My Hands" had the joint in a real jump. Dino's style, easy and relaxed, held him in good stead. It is really quite amazing how this lad learned the art of showmanship in so short a time. When he let go with "Saints Go Marching In", the foot tapping took a marked increase. This number is a favorite with the inmates here and it was gratifying to see how well the visitors received it. "White

Sports Coat" went over well with the younger set and I personally preferred it to many of the other "rock" numbers which are so popular (?).

The skit entitled Silent Movies, starring Pete Neveu, Jim McGregor and Fred Smith was one of the funniest ever imported voluntarily or otherwise, to our Waldorf Astoria. Pete Neveu was the outstanding actor in the show and a large slice of the success of our revue falls directly on his shoulders. The skits in which he appeared all went over well and this, I think, was due in part to Pete's efforts. "A Day In The Life Of One Man's Family" had Pete as a nitwit stool-pigeon; in "Golf" he was attempting to master that art. All this and the guitar too.

Nick Moschitto offered several western tunes which were nicely handled. Nick has a very low pitched voice that seems particularly well suited to this type of music and, as was indicated by the applause, many western fans were in attendance.

Still out west, Hank Belcher came through nicely with "Fraulein". Mr. B. has a very nice style and it is refreshing, to say the least, when we see one of these performers minus the bumps and grinds which have become so much of a trademark with the younger set of "shake" singers. A little bit of railroading was in order as well as Hank set to with "Wabash Cannonball".

Lou Licastro introduced the entire cast to bring the show to a close. They then joined Lou in "Now Is The Hour" and you know, it was. The show curtain came down on a serious note as Lou sang the Lord's Prayer to a very wonderful audience.

Special mention should also be made of Frank Costello, director and producer of this year's show. In the final

analysis he came up with a well paced fast moving show. Many obstacles are in the way of a venture such as this, but Frank has taken them in his stride and come up with a winner.

And a very special vote of thanks to Mr. Fred Bendell of the local Odeon theatre, for bringing in a spot light and, as if that was not enough, also staying on to run the spot for us. All the members of the cast want to extend their appreciation to you, Mr. Bendell. Some old familiar faces were in the audience: Bob Carl, Joan Groves (Elsie), Warden Richmond, Deputy Warden Fred Smith (THE Fred Smith) and Chief Keeper Atkins.

Mr. Palmer rates a word of thanks for taking a Sunday evening and com-

ing in to set up and supervise the Hobby Craft booth which was on display for the night. This eye-catcher was the financial downfall of many officers once their wives caught a glimpse of the goodies therein.

It was indeed gratifying to see so many of the officers, their wives and friends in attendance. Without their support there would have been no show.

Coffee and sandwiches were served in the officers' mess after the show for the cast. Mr. Smith, Deputy Warden, expressed his thanks to the fellows for a terrific job. He said the results were beyond all expectations and he could see no reason why this could not, or should not, become a yearly event.

VOCATIONAL TRAINING Continued

of the students in order to acquire the manual skills needed in this trade. The theory examination averages for this class are:

1959	1958	1957	1956	1955	1954
66%	72.6%	65.4%	62.3%	75.7%	84.5%

It will be readily seen that all of this year's classes are doing well in comparison with those of other years and there is every reason to expect a good number of graduates at the end of the Vocational Training programme for the year. If an article of comparison like this finds interest among the inmate readers, we will most probably run more of them, after each series of examinations, if possible.

In the meantime, this information gives each class a target to shoot at when taking their exams. I am sure that each group would like to surpass the accomplishments of the others.

283 DONORS



The inmates of this institution ended the old year right when, on December 30, 1959, the Red Cross Mobile Unit visited us. Over 62% of the inmate population submitted meekly to the needle and I am happy to be able to report that all but three of them managed to fill the jars. I suppose that the fact that we were all well-fed over the Christmas holidays played a small part in helping to fill the bottles.

This clinic was probably one of the most productive ever held at Collin's Bay Pen as 283 pints of blood were donated in all. 282 inmates and one officer (Mr. Ayres, Bricklaying Instructor) gritted their teeth as the needle was inserted and the same number (283) smiled bravely for the benefit of the nurses. Actually it doesn't hurt at all, it just looks that way if you are watching the donor's faces.

The day got off to a slow start when the volunteers from Kingston, who handle the clerical work, did not arrive on time. The girls in the Mobile Unit arrived bright and early and they set up the clinic, but bad weather delayed the *men* drivers. Two of the girls,

who drive the trucks, treated me to a discourse on the evils of allowing men drivers on the public roads and then followed this up with a discussion of the advantages of a standard transmission with a clutch over the automatic types when driving in snow. You men can rest assured that I didn't let our side down. I just sat there and kept my mouth shut, thereby not showing my ignorance of things automotive.

Once the local volunteers arrived, under the direction of Mr. R. Allen, former Warden of Kingston Pen, the clinic began to be its usual efficient group and the donors were processed speedily. Even at that, it was long past our normal lock-up time when the trucks were all packed up for the trip back to Ottawa.

We can probably expect the Mobile Unit back again around June or July and I am sure that at least 260 of the 283 that gave this time will be here to give again. Just to get it in nice round figures we should persuade 40 fish to get into the act also. Make it a "300" club.

Prisoner Potential

Prisoner Potential is a feature of the DIAMOND in which we advertise for jobs for the men due to be released from this institution during the next 40 days.

We feel that a sort of progress report is in order this month. For a change, that is. I would like to be able to report that we have been swamped with offers and that we have been able to place a large percentage of the men who have taken advantage of this column. That's what I'd like, but it is not so.

However, the column has not been a total loss. When the idea was first born (in the minds of the previous staff) there was a lot of publicity given to this feature of our magazine and also a considerable number of enquiries as a result of this publicity. One man was placed with a Toronto firm as a direct result of an ad in this column and another one or two managed to find employment partially through the column and with the help of other interested outsiders. In addition to this, we still have several firms interested in men from this institution but we are unable to supply them because we do not have the combination of the right man with the right skills who desires to work in the area these firms are located in.

The men who have secured jobs are still working at them and the firms are more-than-satisfied with their work. It would be nice to be able to solicit testimonials from these firms, but most of them are small companies and if we were to print a letter from them it might single out their new employee as being an ex-con. We feel that the privacy of these men should be protected. However, we have followed up on these cases by writing to the employers and asking how the men were fitting into their plant. All companies were satisfied.

One fact seems to stand out from the enquiries that we have had so far. Far and away the majority of the employers interested in hiring men from this prison are small companies. To be sure, some of the larger companies have taken an interest, but the firms who employ 100 men or less have been most interested. Maybe the larger firms have been de-sentimentalized, or something.

We feel that one of the reasons for our lack of success in this venture has been the fact that the circulation of the DIAMOND is not very large. Our poor financial position prevents us from sending out as many complimentary copies as we would like to and we feel that a larger circulation is the only way in which we can hope to reach enough readers to make this PRISONER POTENTIAL feature work.

The DIAMOND staff have kicked this problem around for a couple of months now and we have a new idea for our "want ad" feature. We don't want to get ahead of ourselves on this, so we will just have to wait and see how things work out before we let our readers in on the scheme. Whether we are successful with it or not, we promise to outline the plan to you next month. In the meantime, we will just have to keep on as we are.

The following men are due for release during the month of March and

they are in need of a job soon after their release They don't want charity; they just want a chance to work and make their own way. If you are in a position to offer employment to any of them it would be sincerely appreciated by the inmate.

Further information on any of the following men may be obtained by writing to:

The Classification Officer,
The Penitentiary,
Box 190,
Kingston, Ontario.

D-60 SHEET METAL WORKER

Education Grade 10—Age 28—Married 4 children—This man has been employed in the sheet metal trade all his working life and he has also worked at this trade most of the time he has been in the institution. Willing to work anywhere in Ontario but prefers the London area.

COMMENT: This man is a willing worker. He realizes the need to settle down and establish himself at this time. An employer would find this man a good employee, capable of adapting himself and getting along with other workers.

D-61 CONSTRUCTION WORKER & HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATOR

Age 27—Education Grade 8

This man has worked in the construction trade for 5 years and is able to operate a bulldozer, front-end loader and some of the other common machines used in this work. While at this institution he took 6 months of the Vocational Machine Shop course and has increased his knowledge of machines. Prefers work in the London area.

COMMENT: While a job in the construction field is preferred, any type of employment will be welcomed by D-61. A truck driver's position or factory work is also satisfactory.

D-62 SHORT ORDER COOK or COOK'S HELPER

Age 22—Education Grade 6—Single

A position as a cook or cook's helper would suit this inmate to a tee. He has 2 years' experience as a cook. A job in the Toronto area is desired.

COMMENT: This inmate has also worked in the printing trade for 4 years and would also be interested in anything in this line. Since coming to this institution he has taken educational courses and has improved himself. He is a very good worker and gets along well with other people. A job is vital to the future of this young man.

D-63 BLACKSMITH or GROOM

Age 38—Widower—5 children—Education Grade 8

Previously employed as a blacksmith and groom, this man has been working with horses all his life and is thoroughly experienced. London, Tilsonburg, Chatham and Windsor area is preferred if possible.

COMMENT: This type of work has been this man's life and he is thoroughly dependable. He has been taking care of the institution's horses while here. This man wants a steady job in this line.

Joyceville Institution

"Every room has a view, the choicest overlooking the Rideau River. The food is good . . . Plenty of recreational facilities; hockey in winter, baseball in summer, television every night in the common room."

Toronto Globe & Mail

The above quote is typical of the remarks of the press concerning the new Joyceville Institution, a \$6,000,000 prison built by the federal government about 15 miles northeast of Kingston. This is Canada's first federal prison-without-walls, an experiment.

There are no armed guards at Joyceville; the entire arsenal consists of three .22 calibre rifles, three .22 calibre revolvers and a .45 calibre handgun owned by Warden Orin E. Earl. All weapons are kept hidden in contrast to the armed guards seen patrolling the walls of the other federal penitentiaries. Instead of heavily barred windows this institution has steel latticed windows that do not appear to be as secure and, in fact, aren't. "Just give me a pinch

bar and I could work my way out of one of these windows while you're looking at it", Warden Earl is quoted as saying by newsmen.

From these facts the conclusion may be drawn that the officials expect little trouble from the inmates of Joyceville Institution. Inmates will be carefully screened before they are taken to Joyceville from the maximum security Kingston Pen and the majority will be those who are nearing the end of their terms and they will thus be reluctant to jeopardize their future by attempting escape or creating trouble.

After they have finished the day's work, and from all reports they will *really do* a day's work, the prisoners will be allowed to go to their cells, I



view of Canada's new penal institution at Joyceville, Ontario.

mean rooms, wash up and change clothes before going to the common room for dinner. (At both Collin's Bay and K.P. the inmates come directly from work to the kitchen where they pick up a tray and then go to their cells to eat.) At Joyceville, the food will be brought to the common room in mobile steam cabinets and will be served cafeteria style upon plastic plates instead of the metal trays used in other institutions.

The common room is apparently the centre of most of the prison activity as far as recreation is concerned. From 6 to 8 p.m. the cells are open and the inmates may shower, wash clothes, shave, etc. After 8 they may either go to their cells or stay in the common

room and watch T.V., play cards or read. Each hour after that, up until eleven o'clock, they have a choice of whether to stay in the cell or go to the common room. Activity ends at 11 p.m. at the present, but it may be that in the future this time will be extended on certain occasions.

Joyceville Institution will provide better facilities for the segregation of prisoners than is possible at present. K.P. will still remain the maximum security prison and Collin's Bay will continue in its role of Trades Training. Joyceville will be used for those inmates who are not considered security risks but who are also not considered able to benefit by the Vocational Training programme at Collin's Bay. This

should not be construed to mean that the inmates at Joyceville will not be taught any useful skills; they will gain practical work experience in the shops and it is also reasonable to suppose that the institution will have some school facilities.

Joyceville is undoubtedly a large step in the right direction by the federal government. In comparison with medieval Kingston its buildings provide an opportunity for the prisoners to live in more humane surroundings and to take advantage of the various facilities to better themselves. Collin's Bay is a much newer institution than K.P. and while we have Vocational Training and decent cells, we do not even begin to approach Joyceville in the recreational and living accommodations.

Still, there is nothing gracious about any prison if you *have* to live in it. A *room*, even if it does overlook the Rideau River, is still a cell to the prisoner. Changing the terminology

does not change the fact of imprisonment, but it may help to change the man. I think that it has been conclusively demonstrated that prisoners will respond to kind treatment and humane living conditions the same as other people. It has also been demonstrated, by empirical methods, that the majority of the prisoners in Canada's penitentiaries have not responded to the harsher treatment that was the vogue a decade or so ago.

Penal progress is slow, probably because there is no public interest and therefore few votes to be garnered, but it seems that Canada is at least making some progress. At the present time all the inmates of the other pens in the Kingston area are envious of the few at the Joyceville Institution, but there is a ray of hope for the rest of us: The report of the Federal Correctional Planning Committee is due in late January and it is expected to recommend some needed changes. We hope!

NOT FAIR!

Members of Peru's government are miffed because their country has been left off the itinerary of President Eisenhower's South American tour. One cabinet member is quoted as saying that the omission of Peru was "a petty reprisal" for the stoning of Vice-President Nixon in Lima on his 1958 tour.

It does seem rather unfair of Ike not to give the Peruvians a chance to show whether it was just that they didn't like Nixon or that they were manifesting a dislike for Ike himself. There are dangers, of course. Now that they have had a little stone-throwing practice, the Peruvians have probably improved their aim.

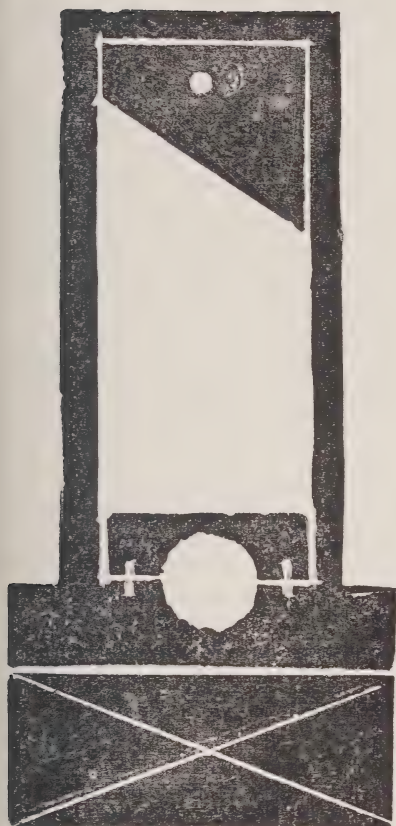
THE HEAD OF PIERRE

by L.J. Biancone

(Reprinted from *The Eastern Echo*)

guillotine. He lived in the environs of Beaugency, then a small rural hamlet. His dreams were simple and a little colored with tints of imagination. For the most part, his horses were the favorite subject of his harmless dreams. He liked to talk about them whenever he had a listener and a glass of wine to make him eloquent.

As the villagers gathered about him and his glass of wine, he would recall the time he started from his slumbers



They were dreamers—Pierre Leroux and Maurice Deselleux. But while one man's fancy can be the ruin of another, in this case it was different. It was the ruin of both.

Pierre was a French farmer of humble means back in the days of the



in the midst of his fancied efforts to lift up an obstinate colt that had grown weak in the legs. Another time, the old gray got entangled in the traces of the team. And once he dreamed he put a new thong to his old whip, but it stubbornly refused to crack. He was so riled that upon awakening from a sound sleep he seized the whip—which he kept by his bed—and began striking it violently in the dead of night. He simply wanted to assure himself, he explained, “that I was not stricken powerless and deprived of the most gratifying prerogative of the plowman.”

About the same time, the distinguished and learned Desalleux, deputy prosecutor of the criminal court of Orleans, was having dreams of his own. Come hell or high water and a few rolling heads, he was determined to have his dreams realized.

As a criminal prosecutor of a few months, he enjoyed considerable success. Enough, in fact, to make him believe there was no longer any position in the magistracy too high for him to attain. However, the post of the “keeper of the seals” was one of the most frequent visions of his slumbers. But even so, this vision was overshadowed in the intoxicating triumphs of oratory that made him revel in his sleep. The glory of the AGEUSSEUX and other celebrated names of the great days of parliamentary eloquence, could hardly quench the insatiable thirst of his impatient ambition. The spring of his dreams bubbled in the most distant streams of the past—the times of the most marvelous eloquence of Demosthenes—that he delighted to contemplate the likeness of his own ideal future. The attainment of power by “eloquence” was the idea of his whole

life. It was, in short, the one object for which he renounced all the ordinary hopes and pleasures of youth.

Then one day, as fate would have it, these two natures met. That of Pierre, with the intellect slightly above the range of his horse, and that of Desalleux, abstract and rectified to the highest pitch of intellectuality. They met in a contest before the criminal court of Orleans. Desalleux demanded the head of Pierre on somewhat insufficient evidence purported to support a charge of murder, while the latter defended his head against the eloquence of the prosecutor.

From the very scantiness of the evidence against the defendant rose an extraordinary opportunity for eloquence. In justice to himself, the young prosecutor could not neglect to take advantage of it. As a matter of fact, a few days before the trial began, the young deputy had promised the local citizenry that no stones would be left unturned in obtaining from the jury the verdict of condemnation.

Not unlike the present-day counterparts, everyone will understand the painful position the prosecutor would be in if he failed and Pierre happened to come back with his head on his shoulders to testify to the weakness of Desalleux’s eloquence. Besides, there were many who promised themselves the pleasure of being there to enjoy the spectacle. So let us not be too severe on the poor prosecutor. If he wasn’t absolutely convinced, it was his duty to appear so, and only the more meritorious to utter such eloquent predictions.

Oh, if you had been there to see how they were moved, those poor gentlemen of the jury! They were moved almost to

tears, when in a fine and most sonorous closing argument, he set before them the fearful picture of society shaken to its foundations—the whole community about to disintegrate immediately upon the acquittal of “the monster, the fiendish rogue, Pierre Leroux!”

If you had only heard the courteous praises exchanged when the counsel for the accused began his address and declared that he could not go further without rendering homage to the brilliant powers of oratory displayed by the young prosecutor! If you had only heard the president judge making the same felicitations in his exordium, nothing would have persuaded you that it was not an academical *fet  *, and that they were not simply awarding a prize for eloquence—instead of death—to a fellow-creature. You would have seen in the midst of a crowd of “elegantly-attired members of the fair sex,” as the newspapers of the province said, the sister of the prosecutor receiving the compliments of all the ladies around her. While at a little distance, the old father was weeping with joy at the sight of the noble son and incomparable orator he had given to the world.

Pierre finally mounted the condemned cart which awaited him at the door of the jail of Orleans. Accompanied by the friendly executioner, they proceeded to the Place du Martroie. There they found the scaffold erected, surrounded by a throng of spectators—men, women and children. As Pierre reached the platform, a ray of sunlight played upon the brilliant and polished steel of the instrument of justice which blinded him momentarily so that he seemed about to stumble. But the executioner, with the courteous attention of the host who knows how to do the honors of his house, sustained him by

the arm, and mercifully placed him upon the plank of the guillotine. A moment later the head of Pierre Leroux was divorced from his body. The operation was accomplished with such dexterity, that many of those present at the spectacle asked their neighbors if it was finished. When told that it was, they remarked that it was the last time that they would go out of their way for so little. They felt cheated!

Shortly thereafter, Desalleux thought of acquiring a wife. No man was more in a position than he to sue for a good match. For his oratorical successes made him the object of more than one lady’s ambition. But in the bent of his life there was something too positive for him to allow that even the love of a woman should find a place there unconditionally. Among the eligibles, he began to look for a girl whose good will was best supported by money, useful relations and other social advantages. Thus, having settled the first part of his romance, he found a girl who could fill the bill of particulars, as lawyers are wont to say, and set out to fall in love with her with all the passion of which he was capable—and it must have been tremendous! For at length a marriage was determined upon. Orleans had not seen a prettier bride than that of Desalleux; nor a family more happy than that of Desalleux; nor a wedding-ball so joyous and brilliant as that of Desalleux.

Following a brief honeymoon, the young prosecutor had to prosecute another capital case. He left the court of Orleans an hour earlier than usual on the day previous to the trial. He wanted a little extra time at home in preparing the trial for the next day.

The night grew dark. A warm wind from the south whistled drearily. A

feeling of melancholy stole over him. The memory of many people he had known—and who were dead as yesterday's newspaper—returned to his mind. Scarcely knowing why, he began to think of Pierre Leroux. However, whenever these flittings reached the surface of his sub-consciousness, he was sensible enough to dismiss them as idle illusions. He thought no longer of anything but his oration, which he had determined should be even more brilliant than any preceding it.

He was playing a gigantic slot machine and needed a few more heads for coins. For he figured sooner or later the law of averages would yield to his whims and spit out the jackpot. After all, none of the heads were his own, and he had a large bank from which to draw.

His system of indictment was a perfection to marvel. It is significant to note that the French legal expression, a "system of indictment", is an absolute manner of grouping an ensemble of facts and proofs, by which the prosecutor appropriates to himself the head of man. However, the system is somewhat internationally universal. The only difference being that some jurisdictions prefer to appropriate the other end. In any event, it amounts to a universal system of philosophy. That is to say, an ensemble of reasonings and sophisms, by the aid of which is established some harmless truth, theory or fancy, to bring about a desired end.

Desalleux's system of indictment was nearly completed, when the deposition of a witness which he had not examined, suddenly presented itself with such an aspect as to threaten to overturn all the edifice of his logic. He hesitated for some moments, and consulted his vanity at least as often as his con-

science. Invoking all the powers of his logic and skill for turning words to his purpose, he did not despair of finally enlisting it in his best arguments, as containing the most conclusive evidence against the prisoner. Unfortunately, there was considerable trouble, and the night was already far advanced. The clock had just struck three, the lamp on his desk burned with a thick crust on the wick, and gave only a feeble light in the room. Leaning back in his attitude, and suspending his reflections for a while, he gazed at the stars which were shining through a window. Suddenly lowering his gaze, he encountered what seemed to him to be eyes staring in at him through the window panes. Imagining that the reflection of the lamp was playing some trick on his vision, he changed his place. But the vision only appeared more distinct. As he was not wanting in courage, he made a complete and thorough search of the premises in an effort to see who the intruder was at this late hour. But he saw nothing. However, if he had taken the trouble to examine his conscience it would have soon told him what the intrusion really was. Instead, he preferred to attribute the illusion to a defective lamp, and decided to turn in for the night.

His wife was already abed and sound asleep. With a faltering voice he called his bride by name. There was no answer. The prosecutor ignited the lamp suspended from the ceiling, and by its flickering light he observed the head of a man lying on the white pillow. He recognized the face of Pierre Leroux staring at him with the same astonishment with which the unlucky plowman had listened to his brilliant discourse for two hours in the criminal court of Orleans.

He tried to grab the intruder by the hair and drag him from his resting-place. As he stretched out his hand, the bridegroom felt fang-like teeth clamp his hand. He wrenched it free, and the pain of the wound sent him into a blinding rage of passion. He seized a bar of steel from the fireplace used to support the fire irons, and began to administer vicious blows in an effort to destroy the hideous visitor. But the head, bobbing and weaving, dexterously avoided every blow which descended upon the bed clothes. The furious bridegroom kept up the attack until the head bounced over his shoulder and vanished into the night. After a careful search which revealed nothing, the prosecutor found himself master of the field of battle and returned to the bed. The bride was still miraculously asleep. He called her by the tenderest names in a vain attempt to awaken her. He even took her in his arms and embraced her passionately. But she slept on, insensible to all his caresses. What could this mean? Was it the pretense of a bashful wife, or was he himself dreaming?

It was growing lighter. Desalleux went to the window and drew aside the blinds and the curtains to let in the new day. Then the unhappy prosecutor perceived for the first time that

his bride of only two weeks was lying in a pool of blood. The blows had been dealt so quickly, and so violently, that she had died without uttering the slightest protest or outcry.

The same morning, upon a warrant from the Procureur-General, Desalleux was taken to the criminal prison of Orleans. By some strange coincidence, it is reported, he occupied the same cell that detained Pierre Leroux up to the day of his execution.

The end of the deputy prosecutor however, was a little less tragic. Declared insane, the man who dreamed of moving the world with his eloquence was committed to an institution for lunatics. For more than six months he was kept chained in a dark cell, as had many who had gone before him. When he appeared no longer dangerous, he was subjected to milder treatment. Shortly thereafter, he was freed. However, a strange delusion took possession of him until the day he died. He fancied himself a tight-rope dancer, and from morning until night he was seen simulating the antics of the circus performer.

He drew, with a new evident lack of eloquence, scantier crowds than those attracted by the magnetism of the guillotine.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Many of our subscribers were kind enough to send us Christmas cards this year and the DIAMOND staff wish to take this opportunity to thank them. Your cards gave us a much needed lift in spirits.

SHOW TIME

Season's First Show

Is Huge Success

by Jim Birnstihl

The thirteenth, to my mind, has always been synonymous with bad luck. This illusion lingers no longer. On Sunday, December 13th, the stage of our recreation hall took on some of the aspects of a modern day night club, (the main thing missing was a wee magnum of the bubbly stuff!) The gentleman responsible for this most pleasant atmosphere was a little *big* guy named Joe Woodhouse.

What can be said about a guy like Joe? Reams of copy have been devoted to his personality, his family, and most important of all to us, his sincere devotion to the inmates of Collin's Bay. What can be added without poaching on someone else's plaudits? Words can only cover a limited territory and in Joe's case they have all been used. Sufficient that to say, from the bottom of our hearts—THANKS A MILLION JOE!

A few words pertaining to Joe's penal career seem to be in order here. In 1947 Joe and his wife Dorothy conceived the idea of presenting live shows to the local penitentiaries. After con-

siderable difficulty, permission was finally obtained and the first Woodhouse sponsored stage show was off the ground; this first show was presented at Kingston Penitentiary. They have never looked back since. Our show on the 13th was the 589th since that day in 1947 when the original idea was born.

In April of this year, the little guy with the big heart suffered a near fatal coronary thrombosis. At that time it was thought that he would be unable to continue on with his penal charity work; so on the 13th it was with a heavy heart that many of the inmates took their seats. Though word had flashed through the institution that Joe was coming back, an eliment of doubt lingered.

Promptly at one-thirty the lights dimmed and voices mumbled off; all eyes were eagerly pasted to the stage. Then it happened. Two inmates entered the auditorium carrying a stretcher. Could it really be Joe? Or are they only clowning, the eyes seemed to ask. It was a joke. As it turned

out, Joe was up to his old tricks again. As he emerged from the heap of blankets on the stretcher he was greeted with thunderous applause: proof of his ever present popularity.

Joe Smith, the oldster's oldster, took this opportunity before the show began to present our favorite patron with three copper work plaques, a small token of our appreciation for his untiring efforts on our behalf.

Joe W. thanked the inmate body for the gifts, and, as usual, cracked the inevitable few jokes, then the show began.

From the opening kick-off by Eva Howard until the grande finale, the show was a fast moving, comedy studied, success—undoubtedly ranking in the top ten ever presented here. The factor which makes this statement quite revolutionary is that all members of the cast were strictly non-professional.

Eva Howard brought many whistles and foot stomps from the audience of 450 when she started the show rolling with a rousing version of 'Live Till I Die'. Eva is five foot three of the loveliest blonde femininity you'll see



Eva Howard, local songstress, giving out with a rousing rendition of "I'M GONNA LIVE 'TIL I DIE" at the stage show held here on December 13th.

in many a moon (No sir, I've only been here five months). A cosmetic firm coined a word some time ago which seems fitting here—**FABULUCIOUS**. I don't know how many numbers Joe had lined up for her, but I'd bet my "good time" that her appearances were substantially increased as of her first number.

The Royal Canadian Signal Corps was well represented in the form of our band, who provided the background music for all the featured performers; these off-duty soldiers in turn provided us with some of the hottest music heard in these parts for some time. Orv Severin, Dick Baldwin, Con Van Wessen, John McLellan and Peter Manly—**Congrats gang, on a job well done.**

It seems there is no end to good things coming in small packages these days. We are referring here to that most versatile young man, Orv Wainman, who acted as M.C. for the occasion. Unfortunately yours truly was caught off guard, and was unable to get any background material on Mr. Wainman. One thing seems obvious; this chappie has been around. The ease with which he captivated (is another word better?) his audience had to be seen to be believed. Orv made many friends here on this occasion and he did nothing to lose them. His comedy ad libs brought continuous chuckles from the crowd; boisterous appreciation for his fine voice was also acknowledged. His versions of 'Wagon Wheels' and 'Old Man River' could not be called true works of art but they will not be forgotten for some time. As a rule it takes more than a mediocre joke or comedy song to get a chuckle here—so the roars of laughter were your reward for a terrific job Orv.

Jack Perks with his violin followed

Miss Howard, This was a very pleasant change from the comedy routines which prevailed throughout the show. It became increasingly apparent as Jack's numbers progressed that this lad really knew how to handle the horse hair and cat gut, and his version of 'Listen To The Mocking Bird' was a far cry from being *for* the birds.

Another very talented gentleman to cross the scene was John de Winter and his accordian. Though an amateur, he possesses skill which is almost extinct in the non-professional class—the ability to communicate with his audience. Though I personally have never been a connoisseur of the accordian, John's technique was faultless and proved to be very entertaining.

A problem of identification was also solved that sunny afternoon. Bob Carl, a local D.J. and newscaster of quite some repute made an indispensable appearance that afternoon. For those of us who were under that impression that newscasting was Bob's cuppa-tea—a surprise was in order. This versatile young man is really a comedian of the first order. His capable handling of several difficult comedy roles impressed his audience immediately. I was particularly bowled over with his take-off on the clergy; thought this was handled in very good taste, the comedy of the situation lingers as a highlight of the entire show. His announcement that "the grave yard will be closed for stock-taking next week", got to me. Paired with little Orve, they were tops.

Timmy Ryan on the xylophone added a key note of variety to the show. An xylophonist of high calibre is almost a rarity these days but Timmy retains that art. This very fast and catchy act was appreciated by the en-

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HOW I CONQUERED MY FEAR OF NUCLEAR WAR

Anonymous

I used to be scared to death of the possibility of a nuclear war starting, and probably ending, while I was in prison. I had visions of the guards scrambling for the hills as soon as they heard the announcement that hostilities had begun and me left sitting in my private room to await fate. I don't suppose it really matters where you die, or even how, but I used to worry any way. The powers-that-be in Ottawa will probably already have plans made as to how to *dispose* of prison inmates in the event of this total war, but this prospect did nothing to settle my nerves either.

I was not alone in this. A recent issue of the *TRANSITION*, a penal press publication from British Columbia, carried a fiction (?) story dealing with prison inmates and atom bombs. The obvious ending for the story was

a happy one; the prison inmates were annihilated after the guards had left them. By a bomb, of course. But anyway, I no longer worry about this fate.

Had I not gotten over this fear of things atomic, the recent picture *ON THE BEACH*, which depicts the world after an all-out nuclear war, would most certainly have sent me to the prison psychiatrist. Not that I have seen the picture, but I have read a few of the thousands of words written by the newspaper and magazine critics about the film. The general consensus of the critics' opinion was that this was not just another Hollywood science-fiction movie, but a possible portent of things to come. The critics were almost unanimous in stating that they had the feeling that this (the picture) could be reality. Not so!

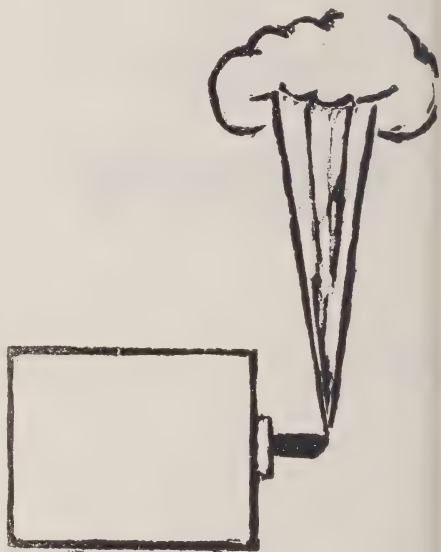
Millions of dollars spent on defense to the contrary, there is really no adequate defense against a full scale at-

tack by either side. Neither side can stop an attack and if one side tries to pull a Pearl Harbour it is leaving itself open to massive retaliation (I'm hip to all those big words) by the other. However, and this worried me no end for awhile, the leaders of the two major antagonists are both elderly men and it may be that one of them may decide to go out of this world in a blaze of glory. You know, like on a Nero kick. But while I am not completely at ease on this point, I am sure there must be some safeguards to prevent history from repeating itself. However, I credit an article that appeared in the September, 1959, issue of the Reader's Digest with helping to affect my cure.

This article, CAN WE HAVE WAR WITHOUT DEATH?, described the benefits that await us if we discard our hydrogen bombs and wage war with chemicals instead. To demonstrate these benefits, the much publicized photograph showing a cat retreating from a small white mouse after being given a shot of some "psychochemical" was reproduced on the first page of the article. These chemicals can affect a person's judgment in subtle ways or they can render you completely witless for a few days. This means that the enemy can move into a country completely unresisted.

The aggressor nation (note that I am careful not to say Russia. We can't afford a libel suit.) could take over an entire country and not have to worry about refugees, wounded, guerilla warfare, or rebuilding cities and industries that had been devastated. Everything would be intact and, except for a few million crazy people wandering around the streets, there would be few problems.

How would these chemicals be delivered to the intended victims? Well, it would be possible for secret agents of the other side to sneak up to the city's water reservoir in the dead of night and slip the whole town a giant mickey-fin, but it would probably be more practical to deliver the goodies by aircraft or missile and drop them in those handy little self-dispensing aerosol containers that are working wonders these days. A real sneaky en-



emy, or revolutionary, could set up a national market and distribute the stuff in containers labelled shaving lotion, spray paint, whipped cream or a dozen other useful and much in demand products. By the time you discovered you hadn't bought what you were after you wouldn't have the sense to turn the thing off anyway.

Of course the military advantages of this gentle warfare are obvious. For one, guns would be almost obsolete; the soldiers would carry cans of spray around with them and merely spray troublemakers like so many bugs, which is what they would be after spraying. How soon will these chemicals be ready?

According to General William M. Creasy, United States Army Chemical Corps, "Psychochemicals will be ready for use in the near future—Russia may be prepared to use them now. If we could step up our experimentations we might be ready in five years." The last half of his remark should be worth a couple of hundred million or so from Congress. Can't have the Russians ahead, you know.

To illustrate the effects of one of the chemicals now available, the United States Army conducted a test with one of its brilliant young doctors who, for some reason beyond me, volunteered. After being given a generous whiff of the wonder gas, the doctor was

told that a "patient" was suffering from severe pains in his *right shoulder*. "We've decided to amputate his *left leg*. What do you think?", one of the laboratory men asked the doctor. Our brilliant young doctor, surveying the scene from cloud nine, hemmed and hawed a bit before he finally came out with a "yes" in favor of the amputation. "That's the only thing to do", was his reply.

Either the criterion for brilliance has fallen badly or the stuff really works. It appears that the military are serious about using this stuff and if all goes as they plan, we can soon forget all about the Great Nuclear Scare. I have already put it out of my mind. The General says that the Russians may be ready *now* and if this is so, I can't see why they would bother with those big, noisy, expensive firecrackers. If they attack us with psychochemicals the absolute worst that can happen to a person is that they will go insane.

So for me, what's new?



"Boy!" exclaimed George, "what a crazy dream I had last night. I dreamed that I was all alone on the beach at Coney Island. Imagine!"

"That's nothing," said his friend. "I dreamed I was all alone on a desert island with Jayne Mansfield and Ava Gardner."

"Alone with Jayne Mansfield and Ava Gardner!" echoed George. "Oh buddy, why didn't you call me?"

"I did," replied the friend, "but they told me you were at Coney Island."

BARDS

BARRED

A prison cell is a living hell,
And each coming night we dread;
Alone we pine for a love divine,
In this tomb of the living dead.

Like a man who is drunk,
We lie on our bunk,
And stare at the star studded gate —
And try to refrain from going insane,
So embedded our hearts with hate.

For the love we yearn we toss and turn —
Alone in the stillness of night,
And with each passing breath
We would welcome our death,
But the hate in our hearts makes us fight.

It's all like a dream, we plot and we scheme,
But to escape there is no way.
So here on our bed in this tomb of the dead,
We welcome the dawn of each day.

by Wm. Stewa

GOOD

INTENTIONS

In the latter part of September of the past year, the services of the inmates of this institution were offered to the local Community Chest Campaign. A group of inmates had asked the Warden if it would be possible for the inmates to participate in the campaign and they put forth a plan.

Naturally, we were barred from the house to house canvassing, but it was suggested to the Warden that we might possibly run a disc-jockey show from the prison and play request records and take pledges from the local citizenry. In order to do this it would have been necessary to have the full cooperation of one of the local radio stations and also the Bell Telephone company. The idea was to have the people of Kingston and district phone their pledges in to the prison and to have inmates answering the phones and recording the pledges. The regular residential canvassers for the Red Feather would pick up the pledged donations after receiving the information from the prison. The radio station would loan its broadcast facilities to the campaign and inmate disc-jockeys would handle the vocal side of the programme, making with the chatter between the platters and giving progress reports from time to time. The local radio stations, CKWS and CKLC have both been very generous and cooperative so we did not anticipate any trouble in securing their help.

Unfortunately, all this did not come to pass. The best laid plans and all that. The inmates thought it was a good idea and as the John Howard Society, one of our benefactors, is partially supported through the Community Chest Campaign, it was not entirely unselfish. Prison inmates get so few opportunities to do good that they are always willing to support a worthy cause, the Red Cross Blood Clinics for example.

After receiving the request from the inmate group regarding the disc-jockey type programme, the Warden okayed the proposal and the Deputy Warden wrote to the committee chairman, Mr. T. R. Wilcox, offering the plan to him for consideration. Mr. Wilcox wrote a letter in reply stating that he had to turn down our offer but that the offer was nevertheless appreciated. The letter is reproduced in part here:

"I did appreciate very much the offer which was made through your letter of September 29th, but I did not think it was feasible for that kind of program to fit in with this year's campaign.

"The feature of this year's campaign has been wherever possible to canvass people at their place of employment and then having done so to avoid canvassing them again at home. In this manner we hoped largely (by means of the identifying stickers issued to those who had been canvassed at their

place of employment) to avoid the familiar excuse for not giving, namely that they had given elsewhere in some other manner. I think that you can readily appreciate that if we had tried to run a program of the type you suggested it may, and I think would, have produced many donations but it would then also open the door to the kind of thing that we were trying to avoid. Also, because of the method of canvass we were following, rather to my surprise some of the residential canvassers were somewhat disgruntled because the people contributing at their place of employment reduced the number of possible prospects for the residential canvass and further inroads on the residential canvass might have produced more dissatisfaction.

"It is literally unbelievable how many small but touchy questions of this kind crop up in a campaign of this magnitude.

"I am however, keeping a record of the suggestion which you made so that it can be used as some possible means of publicity. I must say that it gave me a considerable boost in morale to know that there was enthusiasm from the inmates over the campaign particularly at a time when I began to wonder just what enthusiasm there was

in the city over the coming campaign."

There is a road paved with good intentions and most of us are probably well on our way down this road, but we did like the idea and while we can see Mr. Wilcox' point clearly, we would have appreciated the opportunity to take part in the community effort. The City of Kingston has been no unkind to the inmates of the two federal penitentiaries here and we felt we could possibly square accounts a little in this manner. We have been the recipients of many generous gestures from this city; stage shows brought in by Joe Woodhouse every year; local baseball teams coming into the prison to play our all star team, the Sinners; the loan of T.V. sets and many more gestures that have added up to a large total over the years.

We are certainly not trying to give the impression that Collin's Bay is full of nothing but professional do-gooders nor are we showing a facade of unctuousness, but we would welcome the opportunity to show our appreciation for all the things the people of the city of Kingston have done for the inmates. So, we didn't make the scene this time, but if another chance comes along I am sure that the inmates will be more than willing to help.



SHOWTIME Continued

tire audience as could be denoted by the applause. Timmy also came in with the band on some intricate *muy fino* Latin American numbers.

Special mention should also be given to Norm Runions, another very talented comedian. His ace in the hole is facial expressions. Again, paired with Orv Wainman, their antics brought the house down on several occasions.

Quite often one particular act deserves additional praise. This may not be the biggest name in the group and in no way reflects on the ability of the remainder, but when talent is this obvious, it deserves recognition. I'm referring here to Dennis Curtis, a female impersonator. His talent is indescribable. I would like to impute the following to Mr. Curtis: his excellent sense of timing, his stage bearing, and his general carriage in connection with his act. I have seen many professional actors attempt the same feat that Dennis pulled off so well, and fall flat. Indeed, he mimicked to perfection. This young man could certainly go places on the night club circuit if he so desired. His facial expressions and the intimate usage of his hands both held him in good stead. His first number, "Take My Love, Take Me", was a real gasser. After this exhibition the boys would not let him leave the stage; so he continued with "Sweet Old Fashioned Girl" which was equal in reception to the first offering. Later in the show Joe brought him on again by popular demand and this time he performed minus the female costume. I took particular attention to note the audience reaction here and found it overwhelming. After this offering every one in the hall knew what the ex-suitor felt

like as he saw his true love going down the aisle, as the name of the number was 'I WENT TO YOUR WEDDING'. (drunk, jilted suitor's version).

After the intermission we were treated to another dish of Eva Howard, *a la mode!* This time she took us back to the roaring twenties with My Baby Loves Me and a Charleston number. Her comely white costume, depicting the era, certainly enhanced the total effect. Our "boy on a dolphine", Orv Wainman, joined Eva here in a "soft shoe" which was nicely executed to say the least. It will be of interest to the inmate body to note that the entire show, including the aforementioned number, was unrehearsed. Thus we can see how the timing on this number was unbelievable when this factor is considered.

Eva's final selection "When The Saints Go Marching In" (Which is a perennial jail house favourite) literally brought down the house. We here at the Crowbar Hotel (Cold and Colder running water in every room) have not experienced anything quite like it before.

Besides her physical attributes, and they are many, Eva has an exciting personality; a sweet, if somewhat loud, voice and sincere warmth in her delivery. Though she has never sung professionally in Canada, Eva was quite popular with several name bands in England. She appeared with the Henry Hall band, to mention but one, before coming to Canada with her musician husband. Though he did not appear in the show, he is a member of the "Sigs" band as well.

While we are in the vocal department, special mention should also be

made of Bob Carl. (We said he was versatile.) Bob gained a good many fans here with his fine rendition of 'Lonesome Road' and 'Blue Moon'. It is small wonder that this lad has such a following on the outside and is one of Kingston's leading talents.

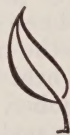
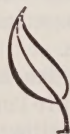
The show was brought to a close with a grande finale which included the entire cast. Perhaps the results can best be tabulated by Joe Woodhouse's remarks when I asked him why the show exceeded its time limit by approximately 15 minutes. "It was the applause. Had the windows been open, the applause could have been heard at the Nylon Plant, a mile back of the Institution." (Pretty fair racket for 450, I'd say!)

Coffee and sandwiches were served for the cast and special guests in the Officer's Mess after the performance. Among those outsiders present were: Triba Birtch, Cecille Robitaille, Mr.

and Mrs. Charlie Killer, Abby Woodhouse, (Joe's first born), Mr. and Mrs. Sid Samuels, Mrs. Evelyn Wainman, Frank Howard and Mr. Birtch.

Joe Woodhouse took this opportunity to thank the group for their splendid performance and co-operation. Mr. Woodhouse added, "This cast is certainly one of the finest I have ever had the pleasure to bring together—you're the greatest."

Mr. F. Smith, Deputy Warden, also thanked the gathering on behalf of Warden V.S.J. Richmond who was unable to attend. Mr. Smith impressed upon the group the fact that live entertainment serves a greater need than appears on the surface; any personal contact with people, even on a stage is definitely beneficial to the inmate from a rehabilitation stand point. Mr. Smith also added, "If inmates are helped to think better—they will be better."



The Population Explosion:

It was with mixed alarm and gratification that we have been reading the various articles dealing with the world's increasing population and the attendant problems. Alarm, because we are, believe it or not, part of the world's population, and gratification because this is one thing that cannot be blamed on us. A prisoners, that is!

SPORTS

AT THE BAY

The football season is over and it must be admitted that it ended on a rather unhappy note. The Roughriders decided to concede the final game of the playoffs to the Alouettes because weather conditions were not the best (snow and cold) and while I do not think the Roughriders had much chance to win the game, I would have liked to have seen the schedule played out.

From the spectator's point of view the best games of the year were the two semi-finals played between the Roughriders and the Toronto Argonauts. The charged-up Argos nearly took the first game of this total point series but Marve H. managed to bring his team out with a tie. The final score of the first game was 9 to 9, the only touchdown being scored by Cormier of the Roughriders. Marve converted and also kicked two single points to account for the rest of the Riders' scoring. The Argos scored with two field goals by Lowery, a single point kicked by Fraser and a touch-down for the last two points.

This game was a hard fought affair

and attracted quite a few spectators. Not having any seating arrangement for the fans, they were able to roam up and down the side lines at will and thus they were on the line of scrimmage for every play. This may seem ideal to some fans, but it does have its drawbacks. When a player made a long gain on a running play the fans ran right along with him and there were a lot of extra blocks thrown in an effort to get a standing position on the scrimmage line for the next play. Oh yeah, the game. . .

For the second game of this series both teams were up, but the Roughriders were really ready and came up with a 20 to 0 victory. The one-sided scoring was done by Weston, with two T.D.'s, Cormier again, with another maor, and Marve, who converted two of the three touchdowns. This gave the total point series to the Riders by a margin of 29 to 9. which was certainly decisive.

The Alouettes, who had a bye into the playoffs by virtue of their league leadership, were ready and waiting for

the Roughriders and they won the first game by a score of 13 to 0. Beechener and Red Raeburn came up with major scores and Preston converted one of the T.D.'s. It was not a difficult game for the Als and the outcome was never in doubt after the first quarter.

The schedule called for this last play-off series to be a best of three affair, but after the first game it was generally conceded that only one more game was needed to settle matters. As a matter of fact, it was so generally conceded that the Roughriders seized upon the excuse of inclement weather to concede the series to the Als without playing the games.

The football season here at the Bay ended on this rather sour note, but the Soccer League is now ready to start action. It is to be hoped that Commissioner Kanary can be more successful in persuading the combatants to take to the field during the coming months of snow and cold. If the set-up remains as it is at present he should not have too much trouble persuading the players to venture out as it is only about once each weekend that we are allowed out and in view of the fact that he will not know in advance when his players will be permitted to take the field, it is going to be very difficult for the Commissioner to make up a schedule.

However, Commissioner Kanary is hopeful and he has plunged right into the work of organizing the league. The following are the three teams:

MUSTANGS

Bondy (Mgr.) Marve H., Majonsa Bouley, West, Molnar, Prest, Olso Connelly, Crosby, Woodmansee, Rie Lawman, McDonald, McLaren.

CARDINALS

Hardy (Mgr.) Smith, Mavin, Da Reid, Reddick, Desrocher, Walsh, R naud, McGregor, Post, Johnson, Pr tula.

FLAMINGOS

Nanasi (Mgr.) Griffiths, Stewa Nemeth, Bolla, Aston, King, Huck McIssac, Boldizar, McNamara, Shan Northup, Walker, Roman.

There has been one preliminary game, played under rather adverse conditions, and enthusiasm seems to be running high at this time. There is a hard core of soccer enthusiasts at this institution and many of them have been observed kicking the ball around all summer and fall, so they should certainly be ready to take an early lead in the scoring race. Some of the athletes are very capable ball handlers and we can look forward to seeing some good games this winter. If, that is, the snow doesn't force too many cancellations.

Well, that's game over for another month, but our next sport column will be written by Jim Cox and should be coming out around the start of the softball season. Jim claims he is a ball addict so he will probably be quite able to do an interesting column for his fellow sportsmen.

